

The Bosphorus Freezes Over

Turisas

So there it was, the thing we dread the most. Time had caught up with us. The Thread ended.

I felt betrayed and disappointed. Was that really it?

And looking down at myself lying on the ground of Piraeus harbour, snowflakes

Falling down on me... The night the Bosphorus froze

We watch the sand trickle, anxious about it's steady flow.

But what we really fail to see is, that any minute, the glass might just burst

Into pieces.

You see, it's not about what you take with you, it's what you leave behind.

And there, on the side of a lion, this story found it's end.

[Hakon Halfdansson - appr. 1043]

Viimeistä virttään kirjoittaa

Harva meistä saa

Muistoihin jää

Laulumme tää

Päättyy ikävään

Kaiuissa vuosisatojen

Haaveissa kuolleiden

Kohtaavat päät

Tähdissä näät nyt sen

Ikuisuuden